

THE GREEN CALDRON

A Magazine of Freshman Writing



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The Real Meaning of McCarthyism

WILLIAM NILSSON

Rhetoric 102, Theme 3

FIVE YEARS AGO, THE NAME OF SENATOR JOSEPH McCarthy was virtually unknown outside of his home state of Wisconsin. Since then, this controversial figure has risen out of obscurity on the high tide of emotionalism to become the second-best-known living American among Europeans and the subject of heated discussion by people throughout the United States. However, the majority of these people are not talking about McCarthy the man; for what they think of as McCarthy is an image inflated out of proportion by the imagination of McCarthy's enemies as well as his friends. This man has been made the symbol of an abstract idea which has come to be called McCarthyism.

Some people see McCarthyism as a zealous and heroic struggle against Communism. To these people such McCarthyist methods as intimidation of witnesses, removal of certain books from library shelves because of "un-American ideas" expressed in them, and wholesale accusations against large, heterogeneous groups such as teachers, are tactics which are justifiable in the light of Communism's threat to American liberty. Raymond Moley, writing in *Newsweek*, states: "... it has required not only serious objectives, but strong-handed methods to attack them [Communists]." To ardent McCarthyists, any strong opponent of Communism is to be approved of regardless of how irrational he may be or how lacking in constructive ideas. They would laud even such men as J. B. Matthews, former director of the McCarthy subcommittee, who in the July 1953 issue of *The American Mercury* made the preposterous statement, "The largest single group supporting the Communist apparatus in the United States today is composed of Protestant clergymen." A majority of the McCarthy subcommittee voted to dismiss Matthews because of this irresponsible slur. McCarthy, however, praised Matthews as a reliable authority on subversion and claimed sole right to hire or dismiss committee personnel. It was only after a threat to appeal his dictatorial methods to the Senate that McCarthy was forced to agree to Matthews' resignation. It seems evident from this incident that McCarthyism, far from being a defense of democratic liberties against totalitarian encroachments, is in fact a rejection of the democratic principle of majority rule and a justification of dictatorial methods as a means to an end. It is thus a new form of the most unscrupulous demagoguery.

Many persons have the misconception that because the Senator is a Catholic, McCarthyism is completely consistent with Catholicism and in fact is approved by the Church. On the contrary, the *Commonweal*, a leading Catholic publication, has consistently maintained that McCarthyism is as serious a threat to individual liberty and rights as is Communism. Speaking of McCarthy's interrogation and harassment of James Wechsler, editor of the *New York Post*, the *Commonweal* states: "When we reach the state where a U. S. senator can use the powers of the Federal Government to persecute an editor because that editor has criticized him and, in the doing, equate such criticism with pro-Communism . . . then there is cause for alarm."

Important as it is to realize the inherent evils in McCarthyism, it is none the less regrettable that a number of the Senator's opponents have unwittingly magnified his importance. McCarthy has been credited with having caused the election defeats of Senator Tydings, Representative Benton, and others who criticized him, and therefore has acquired an entirely false aura of might and invincibility. The McCarthy myth has been blown up to such dimensions that many Europeans, especially Britons, think of McCarthy as possessing the same sway over the American people that Hitler once held over the Germans. There is no doubt that another evil effect of McCarthyism has been a lowering of U. S. prestige abroad and a certain amount of doubt and distrust of America on the part of some of our important allies. In last year's Coronation speech, Queen Elizabeth's impassioned praise of England as the home of free speech and respect for the individual was interpreted by many as an implication that such benefits might no longer be enjoyed in America.

McCarthy, unlike other demagogues, has no glittering positive program; he makes no promises. While he has proclaimed his anti-Communism a countless number of times, he has not once stated clearly what he is for. No one has publicly asked the question, "What is McCarthy for?" In the light of the evidence, the only answer forthcoming seems to be that McCarthy is for McCarthy. McCarthyism is the destructive gospel of negativism. It is a self-defeating force; for it spawns an internal totalitarianism in reaction to an external one. McCarthyism is, to paraphrase a recent Presidential candidate, the philosophy of those who would burn down the barn to get rid of the rats.

ON GETTING INTO A MINK

I found out by way of demonstration which was the more durable, mink or rats. Of course there are rats around mink pens. They are there to get the food that drops through the bottoms of the pens. One day a little rat got a little hungrier than usual. He couldn't wait for the food to drop through. He stuck his imbecilic little head through the bottom wire. The mink saw this action and welcomed the intended filcher with a leap and a bound and two fangs in the head. The remains—some time later—one filcher tail, two filcher hind legs, and one happy mink full of filcher.

ROBERT UTZ, 101.

A Lecture on Psychology

JANET SCHULTE

Rhetoric 102, Proficiency Theme

THE OTHER DAY A MAN ANNOUNCED PUBLICLY THAT HE closely resembled a grasshopper. He is a psychologist, and he has a difficult job. He tries to teach us that we closely resemble grasshoppers and that we are merely "bio-chemical organisms."

When he made the grasshopper statement, I was in the lecture hall with about two hundred other "bio-chemical organisms." I was both amused and alarmed when I heard what this learned man had to say. He stood in front of us, a man who had felt hope and love, a man capable of creating the ideas for that lecture, and told us he was an arrangement of protoplasm and nothing more. Faithfully, the students wrote all this in their notebooks.

I must be a poor student of psychology. I cannot simply learn what the psychologist tells me and not question it. I can only wonder whether he believes what he says. I wonder whether he finds himself a meaningless mass of chemicals and tissues. I wonder why he compares me and my friends to grasshoppers. I wonder whether he would lecture to grasshoppers as readily as to students. I hoped he was being funny, but nobody laughed.

That was the alarming thing—nobody laughed. The students believed him. In a confused way they were sad when I questioned them. I asked some if they thought they were really only bio-chemical organisms. "I suppose so," was the glum answer. "What else?"

What else? In our literature courses we read poetry, philosophy, religion—books in which men have used their powers of creation to make worlds within their minds. In our history courses we hear of man's struggle for knowledge, of fighting and dying for freedom or religion, and of the unshakable belief in man's dignity that led some men to found our country. Yet in our psychology courses we ask lamely, "What else is man but an animal, an arrangement of cells and chemicals?"

Surely our psychology instructors know history and literature. Surely they have felt more than chemical reactions in their hearts. Surely we ourselves know we are capable of greater things than grasshoppers can achieve. It is foolish to let ourselves be persuaded otherwise.

It may be that the psychology students misunderstood the instructor. It may be that he did not intend to give us a complete picture of man. For intelligent beings to accept such a picture is impossible. For him to demand that we accept it is terrible. Such a mean view of man's worth could lead people to kill each other as casually as they crush grasshoppers. The resulting chaos would wipe out the "animal" called man and leave only insects like the grasshopper and other such animals on the earth.

However, much good can be gained from studying man's nature, as psychology does. Knowledge of ourselves does not lead only to comparisons with animals. In psychology, as in other fields, it can lead to a greater appreciation of man's worth and an increase in worthy achievements. We have obviously outdone the grasshoppers in spite of the psychologists' comparisons. We can only hope that they will not leave us with this misunderstanding.

The Big City Speaks

ROBERT CRISPIN

Rhetoric 102, Theme 8

LaSalle, Washington, Clark,
and Randolph Streets
Chicago, Illinois

Dear Illini,

I HOPE, IN THIS EPISTLE, TO SET YOU STRAIGHT ON A FEW facts regarding Chicago's desire to have a branch of the University of Illinois located here. One of the state senators down your way intimated, a short time ago, that we Chicagoans were about to attempt to move the university, bodily, up-state, so as to drive everyone in Champaign-Urbana to ruin. You can stop worrying, for we are not going to try to bring the university up Route 45 to plunk it down in Grant Park. We like Grant Park very much, and we already have the University of Chicago and Northwestern University along the lakefront.

Of course, there would be obvious advantages to locating the university somewhere in Cook County. First, housing would not be nearly such a problem in Chicago as it is in Champaign-Urbana, for an enormous amount of your housing is filled by Chicagoans. They could live at home up here, saving their money.

Second, Chicago's libraries are fine and numerous, and it would not be necessary for the university to provide such a huge library as it does. Chicago's museums would alleviate the need of the university to maintain its own museums. With due respect to the two towns, Champaign and Urbana have little to offer the students but beer, and we have that, too. Better beer, in fact.

Cook county has provided the area with many acres of forest preserves, which would be ideal for field trips for biology classes at the university, and which would certainly be superior to the sparse plant and animal life found on your campus. Here, too, students in commerce and business administration would be able to observe, first-hand, the functions of great business houses—banks, stores, and hotels. The business districts of Champaign and Urbana are, you must admit, far from high powered.

There are numerous other advantages to locating the university at Chicago. The merit of newspapers certainly exceeds the merit of the downstate papers, and a Chicago location would save the university untold sums in shipping costs, in that many of the goods consumed by the university come through Chicago, if they are not ordered from here. But possibly the greatest reason for moving the university to Chicago, were such a move possible, has to do with the students themselves. It is no secret that Champaign-Urbana exists for and because of the university. Without it, these towns would be tiny, insignificant "burgs." Because of this, a student spending several years of the formative period of his life there might easily and unconsciously develop the idea that the world exists entirely for him, as Champaign-Urbana does. Such would not be the case in Chicago. Fifteen thousands students would hardly make an impression on the lives of the five million persons living in Cook County.

Along the same lines, student errors and mistakes are great tidbits of news for the Champaign-Urbana press and the "grown-up" tongue-wagging fault-finders who read the papers. "Seventy Traffic Tickets Given Out—Sixty to Students" is an example of a downstate headline. This certainly will not inspire the students to be good citizens. Instead, they will tend to develop an "it's us against the world" feeling, and not care much for the world. In Chicago, students' social errors would not receive such publicity and discussion. It is extremely doubtful that the university would need to provide a police force to patrol the streets of Chicago. In Chicago, a student is just another person—a human being, neither glorified, nor spat upon, nor made an example of.

But to get back to business, we are not asking you to move the University of Illinois up here. Rather, for the immediate benefit of students from this area, and the eventual benefit of the students and taxpayers of the entire state, we would like to have an arrangement whereby an almost entirely separate four-year university would be built here. We do not want a glorified high school like Navy Pier. We want a full-fledged university, comparable to U.C.L.A. The housing needed here would be negligible, and the surge of students to "UIC," if I may, would solve your housing problems.

Considering Chicago's facilities, such as I have mentioned, the university could easily be built here at an almost nominal cost. And, never fear, we will not send our trucks downstate to cart away Illini Hall and the Administration Building. How could they ever bring them back through that traffic snarl in Kankakee?

Here's hoping we can reach an agreement soon, for the betterment of the taxpayers, the university, and, most of all, the students. Needless to say, many young people would have the opportunity to get a college education at such an institution. Speaking for Chicago and Cook County I am—

Respectfully yours,
"DAD" DEARBORN

One Foot of Creation

ROBERT UTZ

Rhetoric 101, Theme 3

AS I STOOD AT THE EDGE OF THE SMALL STREAM, I noticed a black ant crossing the dark, muddy earth between me and the water. He stopped at the edge of one of the dog tracks that led to, then away from the stream.

This is the scene—one square foot of God's creation. Through one end flows a small, clear stream. At the opposite end are tall, green weeds and grass. Between the water and the breeze-swayed vegetation is black, moist earth. The earth contains three dog tracks, the two closest to the stream being slightly deeper than the other, and four almost indistinguishable leaves imbedded in the mud. Nothing exists outside of this foot of creation.

This is my sequestered domain. I can watch it with the omnipotence of a god. I can disrupt its serenity; I can tear the grass from its surface; I can corrugate its smooth mud; and I can bespatter its pacifically flowing water. I can; but I will not. I will watch.

A small black ant enters into this part of creation from another part. He stops at the shallowest dog track and bends his head as his antennae search out the depth of the track. Satisfied as to its safety, he continues on his way, going down the side of the track. He approaches the other side, stops, and with groping antennae makes his way up the side. Reaching the top, he scurries over one of the leaves to the grass. He climbs up one blade of grass. It bends slightly under his minute weight. When he reaches the end of the grass blade, his active antennae warn him of the empty space which surrounds him. He turns, and as he goes back down the blade of grass, it resumes its former position. The ant, with his antennae busy, winds his way among the weeds and grass out of sight into another part of creation.

A water strider wends a quick, jerky path into and out of this part of creation. Two more enter. One exits almost immediately; the other swirls a few times and leaves, just as a breeze ripples the water. A maple leaf quietly lands in the water and moves slowly downstream, with a water strider chasing after it.

A small, whirling mass of mosquitoes passes through. A robin flies down and lands near the edge of the grass just as the ground darkens momentarily and lightens again as a cloud passes between earth and sun. The robin cocks his head and, not being satisfied with the prospect, hops into another part of creation.

Suddenly a beer can floats into this portion of creation and stops as it hits a stone and sinks to the bottom of the stream near the shore.

I leave the spot.

Sunup on the Point

DAVID B. LELLINGER

Rhetoric 101

THE CABIN DOOR SNAPS SHUT BEHIND ME, AND I NOW begin to feel the cold wind blowing across the bay. I turn and walk slowly past the cedar near the cabin. Leopard frogs spring from the path at the vibration of my steps. Here, where the track passes through a patch of woods, the wind does not chill me so. Yet, without the sun, one cannot be warm.

The pre-dawn glow spreads across the eastern horizon and feebly flickers through the forest ceiling. As the trail takes an abrupt twist, I come upon two does and a fawn, not fifteen yards away, feeding silently on some windfalls of an old apple tree. The deer are partially screened by some lichen-covered balsams. They are fat from feasting on ripe thimbleberries and summer's tender twigs. As I approach, not making a sound, the deer sense my presence, for the wind is at my back. In turn they raise their heads; motionless, they look for the intruder. I dare not breathe, lest they turn to run from me. The does continue to search, gazing up and down the meadow; the fawn is ready for instant flight. I shift a foot, and they discover me. The trio, too curious to run, nervously edge closer to the woods. I attempt to back slowly away and to walk another path to the point, but in the humus a twig crackles, and the deer bound to the protection of a thicket. My cause defeated, I slowly turn to tread along the forest path. Ahead, where my journey ends, the open lake can be seen through the shifting mist.

A few more paces along the trail, and I am on the rocky shore. If the mist were not so thick, I could see the fringe of pines bordering the northern edge of the bay, the Cana Light to the northeast beyond those pines, and the balsams at the southern end of the bay, hiding the ruins of the Old Settlement.

A pinpoint of sun crawls above the placid lake. The light squiggles and squirms across the swells. About a half-mile out are the poles forming the fish traps of the Baileyes Harbor fishing fleet. The mist of morning clings to the lake behind the sheltered northern point. Cana Light has finished its job for another day.

A fisherman in a green boat drifts around the point and pulls toward the reeds at the southern end of the bay. The squeak of his oars resounds across the still water, and a red squirrel stops its chattering to listen. The sun glowers across the lake; its warmth is comfortable. I cannot forget the necessity of the sun. The boat drifts from sight and sound. The crashing stillness makes a heartbeat seem a cannon shot. The last traces of mist have disappeared, and I can see all the way to the Old Settlement at the end of the bay. Already

the lake breeze has succumbed to the winds from the land. The air is laden with the fragrance of balsams and the earthy smell of humus. Looking up and down the shore, I can tell, by the color of the rocks, where the waves have penetrated farthest. Near the water's edge, they are white from the constant washing and agitation of the swells. Piling higher, the waves have scrubbed them to a February grey. And back among the pines and grasses, they are still their natural color—deep grey, occasionally flecked with white. What a time-consuming process is wearing stones to sand.

A blue jay screams from a hemlock top and glides down to a dead balsam at the water's edge. The sun is a red dollar against a cloudless blue wallpaper. The sky blends into the water in such a fine line that I can barely tell where the sky stops and the lake begins. The waves slurp underneath the limestone shelves and gurgle in the water-worn crevices. The sun races higher, and the patches of early morning reflection give way so that I can see a black bass darting along the rock bottom. "What a nice catch," the fisherman would say, but I am glad the bass is here with me.

Dried round reeds are dammed up in thatches among the lake-side cedars. Unaware of the daily drama that repeats itself about him, a daddy-longlegs picks his way among the dry reeds and across a white stone. I think how fortunate I am to be able to know these grandest stimuli of nature. In an accumulation of soil between the two worm-drilled logs, a clump of gentian blooms. The petals of the gentian extend cone-like upward, and then flare sharply outward. Each petal is delicately fringed and notched. The open flowers nod in the breeze, beckoning the buds to open also. Out above the bay the seagulls are searching for their breakfast. Not wanting to leave, but knowing that I must, I, too, turn to begin the search.

ON BEING MUTE

Whoever said that "silence is golden" did not take into consideration the silence that surrounds the deaf mute. His silence is monotony, a feeling of isolation, a feeling that he is missing something that is terribly important.

He misses the sounds of voices, which are the symbols of the warmth of humanity. He misses the birds, the wind, the rain. His prayer must be his own; he cannot share the cantor's chant or the priest's hymn or thrill to the power of the congregation's response.

Although he reads, thinks, and dreams the thoughts of all men, he is alone; for he cannot be part of an outspoken world when he cannot speak. Although he may write, write as well as any man, he shall never hear his inflections interpreted nor ever be able to give tone to them himself.

He misses the words of love; for the core of amorous expressions is the tenderness with which they are spoken. He cannot enjoy fine music. He cannot feel the tempests stored in the rhythms of the drums and the subtlety evoked by the wailing of the horns.

The deaf mute is the outsider. While atoms smash and the glory of humanity marches by, he must remain stagnant in his shell. His silence is not coveted by anyone; his silence is not golden.—ROSLYN SNOW, 101.

Britannia Rules the Screen

LESTER ROUBERT

Rhetoric 101, Final Examination

NEAR THE SOUTHWEST CORNER OF THE UNITED STATES lies the village of Hollywood, land of sunshine, home of the plush cocktail bar, the divorce court, Louella Parsons, and Warner Brothers. It is the father of 3-D, Cinerama, Cinemascope, Superscope, Vista-Vision, and Marilyn Monroe. In this village, more motion pictures are made per annum than anywhere else in the world.

With so many films being made in Hollywood, it is a curious thing to note that British movies are so far superior to Hollywood products. Are British techniques that much better than Hollywood's? Certainly the actors are, for who could possibly compare Hollywood's William Holden, Marlon Brando and Humphrey Bogart with Ralph Richardson, John Gielgud and Laurence Olivier?

At the risk of reopening some old wounds, let us look for a moment at some of Hollywood's "better" efforts. Let us take, for instance, a nominee for last year's Academy Award, a glorified "horse opry" entitled "Shane." This picture stars a poker-faced peroxide blond cowpoke named Alan Ladd, who is without a doubt the worst actor to make himself known to the public since Junius Brutus Booth. Ladd plays a roving gunfighter named Shane (music swells to crescendo) who wanders onto a farm run by Van Heflin, his not-so-pretty wife, and a precocious little brat named Brandon De Wilde, who is forever asking "Why?" of anybody that comes within shouting distance.

The boy naturally takes to Shane immediately, and there are some touching (that's what it says in the press releases) scenes in which Shane teaches the boy how to kill with one gun instead of two, and in which the noble cowboy fractures the skull of the boy's father as the entire family look on.

There now appears on the scene one of the dirtiest, most unkempt creatures ever to sit astride a saddle since Gabby Hayes switched to television. This is the "menace" in the film, but he is a sympathetic menace, full of emotion and human frailty, and you almost feel sorry for him in the final scene when Shane blows his brains out. The other "menace" in the movie is one Jack Palance, as ugly as his boss is dirty, who sits around drinking coffee throughout the picture, until he is foolhardy enough to try to fight it out with Shane (music crashes triumphantly).

The most interesting sequence in the picture is the barroom brawl, which runs fully as long as "Birth of a Nation" and is approximately as bloody. In this scene Shane (music takes on a tone of danger) walks into the jaws of death alone and unarmed to face five middle-aged gun-slingers with beards

like Ernest Hemingway's. He fights them off successfully until the boss clobbers him with a bar stool. Then the fun begins. While the other four hold him, the dirty old man says, "I'll teach you to mess up one of my boys;" and begins swatting Shane in his immobile face. This goes on for five minutes, until all that can be heard from the barroom is an occasional groan and a soft splash.

At this point, Heflin awakes from his lethargy with a start and gasps, "Why—that's Shane in there!" (I was tempted to stand up and shout, "Who in the hell did you think it was, George S. Kaufman?" but my girl friend becomes embarrassed easily so I bit my tongue and said nothing.)

With this, Heflin removes his coat leisurely, folds it carefully, and puts it on the counter of the general store (conveniently adjoining the bar), discriminatingly selects a long white club from a rack that is in the store for the purpose, and storms in to aid Shane (violins, regally), pausing to say to his wife, "No. You stay here. What I'm gonna give that Ryker [the dirty old man] ain't fit for no woman's eyes!"

Naturally, Shane, despite having been pounded unmercifully for what seems to the audience to be hours and hours, recuperates immediately, the two go on to win the battle, and eventually the gun-fight, after which Shane (the music is now so unbearably loud that the couple in the back row quit necking, and the old drunk in the aisle seat wakes up to see what is going on) rides off into the sunset, with the boy running after him shouting, "Come back, Shane, please come back."

But to tell the truth, the audience is rather glad to see him go.

Let us contrast this film with one of British import, Laurence Olivier's "Hamlet." Obviously, Olivier had a better script to work with (we'll give Shakespeare that much credit); but the direction, the acting, the camera techniques, and even the setting are so far superior to anything Hollywood has fathered that it would be pointless to make specific comparisons. Think which is more satisfying to an adult mind—Hamlet calling his uncle an "incestuous . . . adulterate beast," or Jack Palance facing a homesteader, hand on gun, and intoning without emotion, "You're a low-down Yankee liar."

Or take British comedy as compared with our own lavish spectacles.

Britain's most recent Alec Guinness film is an excellent example of high comedy, "The Detective," based on a character created by G. K. Chesterton. All the actors, including some of Britain's top names (Alec Guinness, Cecil Parker, Joan Greenwood), perform convincingly and entertainingly, never overplaying their parts, never uttering a line that is not probable or believable.

How does this compare with "There's No Business Like Show Business," which stars a fat, middle-aged woman whose voice calls to mind someone scraping his fingernails across a blackboard, Ethel Merman? Supporting Miss Merman are Marilyn Monroe, who bumps and grinds her way through the film to the limits of the Johnston Office in costumes that would have her

ridden out of Cicero on a rail; Johnnie Ray, one of the great freaks of show business, who makes Berlin's "Alexander's Ragtime Band" sound like the theme music to "Of Mice and Men"; and two talented people whose abilities are subordinated, Mitzi Gaynor and Dan Dailey. Donald O'Connor is around too, but he seems to be enveloped by the lavish scenery.

Why is it that Hollywood, turning out over three hundred films per year, cannot come up to the standards of British film-makers? Perhaps if the moguls in Hollywood ceased to worship the dollar and thought about the people who pay hard-earned money to suffer through trash like "Show Business" and "Green Fire" and "Desiree," the quality of Hollywood movies would improve.

And so to American film studios we say, "Improve the quality of the films, even if it means slicing fifty productions per year off the schedule." And to the film-makers of Great Britain, we say, "Go it, chaps, you've done it well."

Yes, Germany Should Be Rearmed

FRANK R. CERNIGLIA

Rhetoric 102

THE ARGUMENTS PRESENTED IN A. B. BERSTEIN'S THEME against the future rearmament of West Germany, if closely scrutinized, will surely be found to be based on weak grounds.

The statement that the entire history of Germany has been one of aggressive attacks on other nations reveals a rather one-sided interpretation of history. Any close study of European history will readily reveal that Germany has been the victim of aggression at least as many times as she has been the aggressor.

The argument that France received the punishment of aggression most of the time also seems to call for some comment. A study of Franco-German relations during the past four hundred years of history shows that France has invaded Germany at least as many times as Germany has invaded her. Under Louis XIV and Cardinal Richelieu, France was continuously aggressive. The Thirty Years War is a good example of one of the many times France invaded Germany. It was because of this war that France acquired Alsace from Germany. It was also during this time that France acquired other territory from Germany.

It is true that in our memories the last three wars between France and Germany are remembered more vividly than those that took place more than two hundred years ago. However, if we try carefully to investigate the

reasons for those recent wars, we find that even there the question of guilt does not lend itself to an over-simplified answer. In regard to the Franco-German war and World War I, competent historians admit that it is next to impossible to place all the guilt on any one of the parties involved. The most common conclusion is that every belligerent nation shares the responsibility. As for blaming Germany for World War II, it would be practically impossible. It is an established fact that the Western Allies who made the Peace Treaty of Versailles share at least half the blame for the political developments in Europe in the years after 1918.

Naturally, if a person derives his knowledge of history from contemporary movies, newspapers, and magazines, he will always be inclined to find simple answers. (I do not mean to imply that all movies, newspapers and magazines are only tools of propaganda, but that many have been used in this manner.)

In view of the present menacing threat from the East we definitely have all the reason in the world to learn from history. When we do, we will not point our finger at Germany and treat it like a naughty boy who has behaved badly. An example of such treatment took place immediately after the Second World War, when the Allies adopted the Morgenthau Plan, which was designed to make Germany a land of backward peasants. Fortunately, this plan was discontinued after a short time.

We should, finally, think of the German nation as an important part of our western civilization, and we should realize that if our world is to survive, we must unite and be strong together.

ON TOP OF OLD SMOKY

My evening of entertainment was rudely interrupted when a certain television quiz program came on the screen. Having seen this particular farce before, I jumped out of my chair with intentions of changing channels, turning off the set, or smashing the picture tube with my shoe. But Mother grabbed my arm and ordered me back to my chair.

The first contestant, I thought, was typical. In order to appear on the program, she had borrowed seventeen children and put her own arm in a sling. She announced in a weak voice that she needed money to buy a washing machine to keep the kids' clothes clean. The quizmaster cried. The audience cried. Mother cried. I roared with laughter.

The contestant went on to explain that her husband had recently been killed when he was run down by a drunken truck driver and that she also needed money to buy food for the kids. The audience became hysterical with grief. Mother was now bawling. I felt sick.

The audience cheered when she correctly identified the first president of the United States and the capital of Indiana; but they moaned with agony when she had trouble recognizing "The Star Spangled Banner." Then the quizmaster became the hero of the evening by announcing that her answer of "On Top of Old Smoky" was close enough to the National Anthem to allow her to collect the jackpot cash.

While Mother cheered merrily, I obtained a hammer from the basement and applied it with quick but powerful strokes to the face of the television screen.

A Dissertation upon Atomic Energy

JOHN SALOMON, JR.

Rhetoric 101, Theme 7

ONE DAY AS THE ATOMS WERE MERRILY CAROMING OFF one another, a small, weak, electron-deficient atom, called an ion, happened by. This ion, seeing the fierce activity that the other atoms were indulging in, wished he were somewhere else. Being a weak atom, he was attracted to the group by their overpowering radiant energy. As much as he struggled and strained he could not halt his forward motion.

The other atoms, being playfully active souls, laughed at his plight and drew him in faster than ever. He was now dangerously close to that fearful "fierce activity" he dreaded. As he was drawn inward the other atoms began pummeling him between themselves. Since he offered no resistance and was not faring so well in this situation, he was nicknamed "Jerry-B". His full name was now "Jerry-Built Ion." This pummeling continued for many hours until the other atoms tired of their sport. Poor Jerry-B was cast aside. He was no longer an ion to have fun with. Jerry-Built was completely despondent. After such treatment, how could he possibly be worth anything to anyone? He was worthless even to himself.

Life was no longer worth living. In a moment of final despair, he tried to destroy himself. But *voilà*—a miraculous thing happened. No matter how hard he tried, he could not tear even a single electron from his frame. Instead of feeling weak and bruised as he had expected, he felt puissant and full of vitality. He was a new atom.

Now he could seek his revenge. Backing off into a secluded area, he built up his power and charged forward, aiming directly at the midst of the group of playful atoms. The effect was astounding; the atoms were blasted in all directions. The force was so great that neutrons were set free. These neutrons crashed into other atoms, resulting in an atomic reaction.

While Jerry-Built was being left out, he had been too sad to notice that someone was observing him. Man had watched this whole affair with a keen interest. For the first time, man had observed an atomic reaction.

Man attempted to harness and succeeded in harnessing Jerry-Built and the other atoms. Man used this harnessed power to show his might by destroying his enemies. Jerry-B was transformed into heat energy.

Poor Jerry-B did not survive long enough to see his descendants become the mainstay in the fight to destroy cancer and other diseases. He did not live long enough to become part of the huge machine that supplied the needed

electricity for a city. But Jerry-B was a hero by himself. He chose the correct time to show the strength of atomic energy to man.

Hogwash for College Students

NANCY WILSON
Rhetoric 102, Theme 7

WHILE THE RECENT POLITICAL CAMPAIGN WAS IN progress, we on campus had the dubious honor of hearing Vice-President Richard Nixon speak on the issues at stake. He told us he was speaking on the issues at stake; therefore he must have been. However, some of us left his speech feeling a little confused. First, Mr. Nixon spent a good deal of time telling us that Ike (that's the President, you know) told him to say "Hello" to all of us. Then he spent some more time telling us that Mamie (that's the President's wife) said to say "Hello" too. Then he spent some more time telling us that he remembered Illinois because our football team beat U.C.L.A. in the Rose Bowl. This was all very flattering, but exactly where do the issues fit into the picture?

Mr. Nixon then went on to say that war is bad, and that peace is good. He intimated that the Democrats had caused the war and the Republicans the peace. How this was accomplished he did not say—but if the Vice-President of the United States said it is so, it must be so. He also said that depressions and war-time prosperity are bad. He said the Democrats had caused the war-time prosperity. He did not say who had caused the depression, or who had brought us out of it. He also said that we must have Faith. He said we should have Faith in our country and Faith in our President. He said that our President (that is Ike) had restored dignity to the highest office in the land. This may all be true. Undoubtedly it is, since the Vice-President said it is.

Some of us were still confused, however. We failed to see just what all this had to do with clarifying the issues or electing Mr. Meek to the Senate. We are, I suppose, a little stupid or we would have seen, as the girl behind me did. At least she kept saying over and over again, "Oh, isn't he wonderful!"

Did Mr. Nixon think our intellects incapable of absorbing the real issues? Or was he just too busy to think them out and present them to us? Or did he think we came just to hear the Vice-President—good, bad, or indifferent?

I think the answer is that he did not think we were capable of studying the issues. Doesn't he realize that as college students we are trying to learn to judge and decide? We are probably trying harder to think and judge than we ever have tried before or will again. Something should be done to make people realize that we are trying to learn. It is a waste of time to present this sort of hogwash to college students and tell them it is the issues at stake.

Saving Defense Dollars

JERRY LUNDRY

Rhetoric 101, Theme 9

THE PRESENT FEDERAL GOVERNMENT, IN LINE WITH ITS policy to lower federal expenditures, wants to cut the defense budget for future years. It is choosing to lower the number of men in the military service instead of lowering the quantity of expensive weapons, such as trucks, airplanes and tanks. The United States has greatly weakened its military potential by this reduction of men in the military service. It should instead encourage men to serve in the military service for longer periods of time, leave the same number in the service, and reduce defense costs by limiting the production of expensive weapons.

To eventually save defense money and encourage men to serve longer periods of duty, the United States should begin to increase servicemen's benefits. Salaries on which a soldier could comfortably support a family, and better retirement and medical benefits would induce more men to enlist for twenty or thirty years of duty. This would result in a lower number of men who enter or leave the service each year. Part of the additional cost of higher salaries and better retirement programs would come directly from the lower cost of training fewer men each year.

A better method to reduce costs of defense and still maintain defense efficiency is to reduce the number of weapons available for defense. At present (using fighter airplanes for an example), all of the defense allotment for the fighter class airplane is spent on the production of the best current fighter design. When this airplane's design is new, the defense of the United States in the fighter airplane category is good. But as the airplane design grows older, it becomes less valuable as a defense tool. About three years after an airplane is built, its design will be so out-dated as to be useless for defense work. The money spent for the hundreds of these fighters produced during the three years is wasted. Under the present defense system, the required number of airplanes is determined and a minimum-volume production schedule is set up. The assembly lines are built to produce only the required number of airplanes in a given time and cannot increase production greatly in the event of war. By the time a fighter design has been produced in sufficient numbers to serve the needs of national defense, it is obsolete.

To provide a better defense system for less money, the United States, instead of spending the full defense appropriation for the best fighter design, should stockpile in large quantities, steel, magnesium, aluminum and other materials essential to the production of airplanes. With these stockpiles located nearby, the aircraft factories should construct their assembly lines to accommodate the current design. The total capacity of the factory should be at least one-

half, and preferably two-thirds of the production expected of it in a full-scale war. Then, after the assembly lines are complete, they should be operated first at top speed, until a minimum number of fighters is produced, then at a 10 to 20 per cent of the peak capacity rate. This limited production would furnish only a slight increase in the number of fighters, but it could be increased to full-scale production in a short period of time. As each new fighter design supersedes its predecessor, the factories should re-tool their production lines to produce the new fighter design. Again production should be first high, then low, as the defense quota is met. The expense of retooling would be no greater than present retooling costs and with less money being spent for production, the cost of defense would be reduced.

In the event of a war emergency, full capacity production in the factory would be reached in a minimum amount of time with factory facilities having been previously set up. The large stockpile of raw materials would insure production in large quantities of the best quality airplane of the time. This defense system would reach full production of fighters much sooner than the present system in which whole factory assembly lines would have to be set up prior to production.

By reducing the number of expensive weapons, but maintaining the same number of military personnel, the United States can more quickly come to war-time strength. While six to twelve months would be expended in training enough men to bring a reduced army back to full strength, aircraft factories, or any defense factory with idle production lines that can reach full production in a week, would produce in two months enough war equipment to bring the country's defenses to full strength. It seems that, as the present defense system requires too much time to bring the armed forces to war-time strength, a new defense system must be adopted to cut the time of armament. This saving of time, while requiring fewer budget dollars than the present production system, might easily mean the difference between defeat and successful defense.

The Downfall of Christmas

WILLIAM KIRCHOFF
Rhetoric 101, Theme 8

CHRISTMAS IS GONE. THE AMERICAN PEOPLE HAVE stood Christmas up against a wall and executed it, and from its grave a ghost has arisen. Strangely enough, this ghost is also named Christmas. This new Christmas is different, much different, from the one I knew not too long ago. Most of the things that to me meant Christmas are gone. A little change here and a little change there have made Christmas a ghost of its former self.

A noticeable change has taken place in the tree. As I remember our trees, they were green, a green that could not only be seen, but smelled. The ornaments were bright, but not gaudy. The lights were few and plain. I remember I used to have a favorite light each year, one that was in just the right place, and just the right color. All this sentiment was old-fashioned, though, and America was progressive. Manufacturers told us that we must always keep ahead of the Joneses and that we must always be new and unique. It is now no longer fashionable to have a green tree. One must have a silver one, a white one, a pink one, or a blue one. One must have a tree with music tinkling from a hidden music box. The ornaments are no longer simple. They are now all hideous sizes and shapes, splashed with color, signifying nothing. They are all silver and sparkle, and no sentiment. The lights must bubble, flash, blink, glimmer, and do a million other things. The Christmas tree is now an over-glorified monstrosity that smells suspiciously like machine oil.

Christmas songs have likewise undergone a disastrous change. It seems that no one was satisfied with "Silent Night." Now we have such pieces of trash as "I Saw Mommy Kissing Santa Claus" and "Santa Rides a Strawberry Roan." Then there is the song that has done the most toward ruining Christmas, and that is "Santa Baby." It is my opinion that that is the lowest depth to which any song writer can stoop. The modern song writer is succeeding in his attempts to make a farce out of Christmas songs.

Poor old Santa has really been through the mill. He is no longer the kindly old gentleman who puts candy in children's stockings. He is now the man in the nylon acetate beard and the red satin costume (which sells for twelve dollars and ninety-five cents at most downtown stores) who tells children to buy such and such from this or that store. He is now the man who comes riding into town surrounded by twenty-five Hollywood models in skimpy costumes, about a month early. Like everything else, Santa has gone commercial.

Even the Christmas season is different. It is now a month long and growing every year. It starts when Santa arrives in town accompanied by television and movie stars. It gets well under way when Santa is starred on some program and tells gullible children what to buy and from whom. The person who sponsors his show must feel very proud of himself.

Then there are stores that want to go down in history by inventing new characters. Uncle this and Uncle that are on the rampage in almost every store. Little Mr. So and So, who is Santa's chief helper, is the hero of the day. Every day some store has a midget dressed up to be some famous person from the North Pole. The only trouble is, no one ever heard of this famous person. It seems that the stores are in first place in the race to destroy Christmas.

Merry Christmas, everybody! Peace on Earth, good will toward men, and see whose house decorations can be the gaudiest. Mr. Smith is full of Christ-

mas spirit. His house has two hundred strings of light bulbs spelling out the first verse of "Jingle Bells." It looks as if no one will have a white Christmas, except Mr. Jones, who sprays his whole front lawn with fifty gallons of artificial snow.

Well, in short, that is the Christmas of today, a mere ghost of the Christmas that used to be. All the feelings are gone. Like almost everything made in this country, it smells and tastes like tin cans. It looks like a gaudy fireworks display, and sounds like Tin Pan Alley. Worst of all, the feeling of Christmas is like the feeling of any other holiday when no one works. The one day of the year that was set aside for tradition is ruined by the American people who know no tradition. One day out of three hundred and sixty-five, and we had to go and ruin it. Christmas is gone. It died when the true meaning of Christmas was all but forgotten, when Rudolph the red-nosed reindeer took the place of Dasher, when Mommy kissed Santa Claus, when a chorus girl in a low-cut evening gown sang "Silent Night" with a glycerin tear in her eye.

The Modernization of American Youth

ROBERT SHARP

Rhetoric 102, Theme 6

AMERICANS ARE PROUD OF THEIR COUNTRY. THEY ARE proud of its history and they are proud of its successes in its present rôle in international affairs. However, they are more than a little concerned about its rôle in the future. They are concerned lest the waning prestige of the United States slip so far that its position of leadership in world affairs will be lost and with it the all-important struggle for world peace. This concern stems in part from the great challenge facing the youth of today, that of providing the diplomatic leadership necessary to prevent the world-wide destruction of an atomic war in the future. Will the youth be able to meet this challenge successfully? Of course they will.

This great country is modern in every respect and just as surely as there has been great progress in every other field of endeavor, there has been great progress in the manner of rearing children. Americans are too wise to be backward in this and, indeed, they haven't been. They realize that great leaders and great diplomats must be trained as such and that their training must begin when they are quite young.

Modern training to meet modern situations is vital and begins while the child is still in the cradle. Here, the responsibility of insuring the child the right start in life is so great that parents are obliged to consult pediatricians,

child-education counsellors, and child-psychologists. During the child's first years, great care is taken so that his spirit of self-confidence and self-expression is not restricted in any manner lest he become frustrated and emotionally insecure and fail to properly develop these important powers. This is the primary rule that affords the guide for all the training in his youth. Parents and children alike abide by it.

When the child is safely out of the cradle, his training continues on a higher level and modernization really becomes apparent. Modern parents are tolerant and understanding to an unbelievable degree. Gone are the birch switches, razor strops, and hair brushes as a means of chastising the erring modern offspring, that is, if by the new standards he ever errs. Today, more and more of the deviations of children are recognized as being the normal outlet of excess energy or as a means of self-expression instead of the mischievous acts they were once thought to be. The mother of today makes her child a confidant and addresses him only as an equal. For instance, instead of resorting to some ancient method of correction, the modern mother with great patience explains to her child that the cat does not want the goldfish or the canary merely to play with them or that neither the goldfish, nor the canary, nor the cat should be flushed down the stool, as it increases the water bill and poor daddy has to work so hard already. She doesn't feel that the child should be embarrassed by criticizing him in front of the visitor whose shins he has just kicked. After all, it is important that the child be made to feel natural, that is, be himself, in the company of other people, especially in his own home. In like manner, she does not confuse the child by restricting or preventing his jumping up and down on the sofa or bed of the neighbor whom they honor with a visit.

As the child grows older, he is allowed to make more of the important decisions concerning his welfare. This is valuable experience for meeting the future. Modern parents recognize the complexity of religious training and realize that it is far above the child's ability to comprehend. Therefore, if the child lacks an inherent desire for spiritual enlightenment and prefers to sleep late on Sunday, it is better that he do so. Modern parents don't take advantage of their child's size and make him responsible for any of the menial tasks around the home that really belong to the parents themselves. This is an important feature of the new method. The child should not be made to mow the lawn, wash the car, wash the dishes, help keep the house straight, or do any other such tasks. It is generally conceded that these tasks are unfair to the child and have no real value in teaching him responsibility and co-operation. Besides, there are child-labor laws.

Parents no longer watch over their teenagers like hawks. Modern children are taught at an early age to distinguish right from wrong, and parents have complete faith in teenage judgment. Teenagers are allowed more liberties. They are allowed to build character by spending their evenings and other spare time in the company of people their own age. It is a form of constructive

education when they organize in a spirit of friendly rivalry against the teenagers from the other side of town. The ability to organize and direct people will be even more important in the future than it is now, and this inter-area rivalry develops stamina, endurance, self-confidence, courage, and the ability to make important decisions quickly. These are important qualities in any leader.

Modern parents help their teenagers enter the world of reality by sacrificing if necessary so that they can give them good clothes, adequate pocket money, and a car of their own. This gives the teenager a sense of freedom and independence that is a real character builder and the parents are to be commended for their display of wisdom.

It has been proven by numerous surveys that teenagers of today are far wiser than their counterparts of yesterday. This may account for the fact that each year a greater number of teenagers are qualified to quit high school in favor of jobs and marriage.

Americans underestimate the high caliber of the youth of today when they worry about the quality of leadership that will guide the country in the future. These youths are being reared in the modern manner and modern methods are good methods. The fact that some conservatives may quibble over the merits of these methods is of small import. They are an insignificant few and probably have frustrations stemming from misguided and misinformed parents whose love could not compete in a practical way with their ignorance. Modernization is the keynote of progress. American youth will succeed.

Rhet as Writ

Mrs. Andrus had set her butt afire in the ash tray.

We only stayed at the party for ten minuets.

For many years the French occupation forces have had continuous scrimmages with Communist gorillas.

In 1946, reproduction was started again and cars were once more put on sale.

There have always existed houses of ill repute, where men may be entertained by professional women.

Our enemies have one great advantage over us which we will probably never have, that is people.

I've kept many a student who was unable to take care of all their obligations and after hearing their story it has given me a new lease on life and I know I am friendly and I've been helped by many persons in this community whereby I'm working constantly with various groups of people in my church and my music group, which requires leadership and I'm called on to serve in various capacities which I find I work with and serve quite well.

Honorable Mention

James Toth: *My Personal Beliefs*

Dennis Church: *School Spirit and Football*

Sandra Holliday: *The Pleasures of . . .*

Eleanor Gornto: *An Epitaph for Mr. Gatsby*

The Contributors

William Nilsson—Brooklyn Tech

Janet Schulte—New Trier

Robert Crispin—Proviso, Maywood

Robert Utz—Dixon

David B. Lellinger—Glenbrook, Northbrook

Lester Roubert—Senn, Chicago

Frank R. Cerniglia—Loyola Academy, Chicago

John Salomon, Jr.—High School of Commerce, New York City

Nancy Wilson—Pontiac

Jerry Lundry—Canton

William Kirchoff—Downers Grove

Robert Sharp—Pawnee, Oklahoma